The Refuge of Oppression

There never has been any part of the Liberator more instructive to the abolitionist than the portion bearing the title at the head of this article. The readers of the paper seek it with avidity second only to that with which they turn to the editorial department. It is the dark corner of the sheet rendered more dark by the contiguity of light which the columns containing the anti-slavery matter cast upon it. Darkness made visible, standing out in bold relief before the eyes even of those whose vision is unannointed with eye salve.

The Slaveocrat who loves to see the same matter conspicuous in the ~~proslavery~~ columns of the proslavery press, writhes in the anguish of impotent rage when he sees these malevolent productions quietly consigned to this open prison, with the full glare of the light of impartial liberty shining upon them. He then sees his own thoughts in their true colors; the character of his own soul drawn by a faithful hand. He turns from his own picture in an agony, but it is an agony of rage and hate towards that light which faithfully reveals the darkness ~~which~~ which seeks concealment in the mists of prejudice and malevolence. He feels tormented before his time; stung by his own weapon; wounded by his own dagger and the torments of the lost spirits take hold of him.

The unmistakeable truth which intuitively consigns to their proper place all who rightfully belong to that peculiar department is most clearly ~~is most clearly~~ perceived by two classes of persons - The slaveholder who would conceal from all the world the iniquity of manstealing and the uncompromising abolitionist who would hurl the bloody Moloch from his throne of sculls over the Tarpean rock of immediate and unconditional emancipation - regardless of consequences - to cotton and sugar, to political parties and theological sects, to the Union of churches and the Union of States - regardless of all consequences but human liberty and the triumph of truth.

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Between these two extremes the proslavery shades tho' intimately blended yet so gradually deepien or fade as we approach the one or the other that many persons are at a loss to know their own position or to determine to which class they properly belong, and are desirous to show that they do not belong to either; but the extremes instinctively perceive them to be upon the side of oppression.

Calhoun Hammond Clay and Preston wince not at being charged with supporting the bloody system of oppression for in it they behold their chief glory and in their eyes a Garrison abolitionist is the very incarnation of all that they most hate and dread. In any thing short of that they perceive a gleam of hope for the continued existence of the sum of all villanies.

Let the people once become Garrisonized and they plainly see that their idol must fall; that no blustering, no threatenings, no wheedling, no wailing, can soften their obdurate hearts in favor of the peculiar institution. Hence at the perception of the progress of this kind of anti-slavery they cry out in despair "there is no hope; there is no hope" To put far off the day of its triumph is their chief desire for they know that this is a spirit that cannot be laid; an apparition that "will not down at any man's bidding" It cares not for the errors of antiquity nor holds any of them sacred. It regards not the opinions nor the acts of fathers, either dead or living. It bows not ~~before the~~ before judges however honored in life, however distinguished in name. It reverences no constitutions, no Unions, no sects, no orders, no institutions, that compromise away a single tittle of man's inalienable rights.

Against this kind of anti-slavery every shade of proslavery unites. Tho differing in all things else never so widely, here they find a platform sufficiently broad for union of all parties, all sects, all that have any sympathy with and for oppression, from the "shadow of a shade" to the "blackness of darkness"

Does the slaveholder hear the system spoken

against as an evil? he likes not that. Does he hear the same lips curse the folly or the fanaticism of abolitionists? Here they agree and he feels safe. Does he hear a wish expressed that God in his own good time will bring this "curse of curses" to an end? He feels a fluttering at his heart. Does he hear the same lips declare that tho' the sins of slaveholders be many, the sins of the abolitionists are not a few? He breathes easier and says there is yet time. Does he hear another say I am an abolitionist? He trembles. Does he hear the same person say "I am for gradual emancipation"? He feels there is no danger. Does he hear any one say I am for immediate emancipation? He turns pale with rage. Does he hear the same person say I am against attacking the Church and am for preserving the Union? He responds "amen" for these are our bulwarks." Does he hear some one say I am for emancipation, but, I think the slaveholders ought to be paid? He feels perfectly secure until he is ready to sell out. Does he hear a cry to let the oppressed go free regardless of consequences, and without compensation? He starts up in terror and his eyes stand out with fear. Does hear the same voice denounce all organized action and calling upon each man and woman to act individually and without concert? He takes hold of his neighbors bloody hand and says "no fear from them, for in our union there is strength and even there oppression finds a refuge. Does he hear a voice crying "I am a Garrisonian. NO Union with slaveholders"? He sends forth the yell of a lost spirit shrieking, "a price upon his head; there is no hope; there is no hope". Does he hear any speak against the Garrisonians? His hands and his feet applaud, whoever the speaker may be for he knows that there oppression has a refuge. Does he hear any sentiment uttered by a Garrisonian in answer to opposition from any

Part of letter.

source of any character and of any profession whatever?
He answers with a hiss and a curse drawn from the depths
of Hell. None know better than he the true anti-slavery
compass; always pointing to the pole. None have a deeper con-
viction than he that here is the only hope of the slave. None
exercise more faith than he. tho' like the devils he believes
and trembles! and with this evidence of the true anti-
slavery standard before me, I hope always to sing
I am a Garrisonian
I glory in the name.
But when I see Wm Lloyd Garrison receiving any
defence from the minions of slavery, when I hear him
lauded by the haters of the anti-slavery enterprise for
sentiments uttered against abolitionists then I
shall think him deserving of a place in the
Refuge Of Oppression.

Mrs Chapman

I have written these few lines for
the Liberty Bell if you think proper to
receive them

Yours for liberty
C L S Grandin

Mrs M W Chapman

Boston

Ms. A.9.2.4.57